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TARRATARIA:

O R,

Don Quixote the Second.

A ROMANTIC, POETICAL MEDLEY,

IN TWO CANTOS.

By a TRAVELLER of Distinction.

Male Cuncta Ministrat IMPETUS.—*

He well knows how hard Want to bear,
He fears a Crime more than his End;
For his dear Country, or his Friend,
His Life to stake he ne'er knew Fear.—Sir RIC. FANSHAW.

—Non ipse, pro Caris Amicis,
Aut Patria, Timidus Perire. HOR. Lib. iv. Ode 9.

Exeat, inquit, (si Pudor est) et depulvino surgat equestri;
Cujus Res Legi non sufficit.— JUV. Sat. iii.

To which is added a POEM, intituled,
Christianity against Deism and Immorality.

By the same AUTHOR.

A Work chiefly intended for His Majesty's Perusal.

London, printed in the Year 1761.

[Price 1s. 6d.]

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[Place in the Year 1800.]

P R E F A C E.

TRUTH!—(in whatsoever Dress she may appear) has always been the more admired, the more Enemies she has had to resist her Power; her celestial Fragrancy will not vanish like Smoke in the Wind, but descend and rest upon her Votaries. Here she shall utter important Things, which few will comprehend: She has found a Nest of Honey, and a Honey-Comb, in the Intrails of *Two Serpents*.—Who will ever believe this?—Or who will expect to find a Paradise of Pleasure and Joy in the deep dark Dungeon, the Abode of Sorrow, the Anti-type of Death;—in a Cave infernal where others weep, There! Strength and Boldness to abound?—Who will ever comprehend or believe this?—In such a deplorable State, such Delectation? In a Place so desolate, such sweet Society? In straitened Circumstances, amidst the severest Frowns of Fortune, such Comfort, Rest, and Plenty?—All these Blessings, however, are administer'd by the Clemency of Providence, to poor *DON QUIXOTE the Second*, Author of the following Sheets. = The Prince of Peace, whom once he saw afar off, behold! is now

7+

at hand!—He comforts him, fills him with Gladness—drives away all Bitterness of Soul; supplies him with Strength and Courage—Healeth, Refresheth, and Promoteth him.—Learn, therefore, Ye Critics! Ye Wits! Ye = * *, how amiable he is!—How meek! and merciful!—who visits his Servants *Parmi Tentations*; and who will never permit *qu'ils seront Tentés au dessus de leur Force*.—*Daigne les accompagner*, in the most forlorn Situation—Qualifies them *pour soutenir les maux les plus grands*, by Resignation; *et fruster leurs Assauts*, by a superlative Degree de *Courage et Magnanimité*. *A l'Egard de Pauvre* QUICHOTTE, he solemnly declares himself *No Dogmatizator de una Seëta mala*, although he is the *Premiro de Cavallerias*, that ever published such a Book in *Tarrataria*.—*Il ne fait jamais le Roland*,—but only thinks it a Duty which he owes to Justice,—to return *le Compliment de Poirs*, quite ripe, though by no Means mellow, to *certain Natifs de la Tarratarie*, *qui ont eu l'extreme Politesse de lui Presenter (peu de Temps passé) des Grapes, si diablement sûrs*, that his *Estomac* has not been able to digest them.—For this plain Reason it is, *And be it well Certify'd*, and publickly known by This present *Instrument de Vengeance*

P R E F A C E . v

Vengeance, that *le Pauvre*, *Mepriſé*, Half-witted, Wandering, DON CARLO, *QUIXOTE the Second*, is reſolved, *et poſitivement déterminé*, to enter the Great and Flouriſhing City of TARAGONA, armed with a good Oak Club, and a Cat with nine Tails,—*pour punir ſelon leur Merite, ces Coquins Barbares*, who have moſt palpably, moſt maliciously, and unjuſtly maltreated and affronted his Worſhip.—DON CARLO, *QUIXOTE the Second*, has the Happineſs to be endowed with a conſiderable Stock of Patience, and Benignity of Diſpoſition,—far from being provoked to Wrath, even when he hath received the greateſt Provocation.—It is a conſtant Maxim with him to bear no Ill-will, or Malice in his Heart, againſt his Enemies; but (according to the Doctrin of *that Prince*, who is already mentioned with due Reverence in this *Preface*) only to hate, and laſh, and expoſe their Vices; by no Means ſparing the Rod, leſt he ſhould ſpoil the Child.

Now I come to the Point,—Gentlemen!—(I ſhould have ſaid ſomething elſe, for you have very little of the Gentleman in you) *Genteelmen!* then, *QUIXOTE* ſincerely wiſhes your Perſons well, in-
ſomuch

somuch that he prays frequently, and fervently,
 for your Reformation;—but, to his great Sorrow,
 perceives that a Variety of Vices has taken such
 fast hold of your *Genteelmenships*, that he begins to
 suspect there is scarce a Barrel of better Fish be-
 twixt you, Venerable Signor *Shilly-Shally*, VICE-
 COMES de GILONIER, and you smart Signor
Tirly-Wirly, Don Diego Baboonetto de RABRING-
 TON, Ordonnez de Lara, that was.—But why
 talk of Fish?—Indeed 'tis extremely improper;
 for by the Soul of *Quixote* (and that's no small
 Oath) you are a Couple of amphibious Animals;
 that is to say, you are neither good Fish, good
 Flesh, nor good *Red Herrings*.—Let me tell
 your *Genteelmenships*, in plain *English*, *Every Dog*
has his Day.—Far (as you may imagine your-
 selves) above the Reach of Truth; elevated (as
 you certainly are) above the Sphere of a Petty
Knight Errant,—Truth! formidable Truth! re-
 lying only upon her own Valour, will break (you
 shall find) through all Opposition, storm your In-
 trenchments, beat you out of every Strong-hold,
 resume her Empire, and leave you at last as you
 justly deserve, to the Reproach of your own Con-
 sciences, and the Derision of all good Men.

L Sou-

Souvenez vous Messieurs, de l'Ingenieuse et Naïve Reponse faite de vos parts (BARBARES)—dans une certaine Occasion Critique.—“ Si Monsi. le “ Chevalier Quichotte, avoit le Corps si Cacochime “ il ne devoit pas avoir passé la Mer, pour participer “ les Fatigues et les Dangers de la Guerre.”—Very laconic—and pretty good Rhyme.—Souvenez vous (en particulier) Shilly-Shally Seigneur GILONIER, de votre Lettre adressée au Pauvre CHEVALIER,—à son retour de l'Arabie Heureuse, à la Ville de TARAGONA.—“ Que le Roy avoit été bien “ informé de toutes ses Transactions,—de sa Ma- “ ladie en Arabie, (et tout Cela) Enfin, que le “ Pauvre Quichotte, n'avoit rien d'attendre de “ Sa Majesté.”—Instead of these ironical Hints, these crafty Subterfuges of Dangers and Transactions,—could ye not have plainly said, QUIXOTE, we suspect that you was afraid of your Buff,—that your Sickness was feigned,—and we have told the K—g so? = Ye Infidels! Ye Hottentots! Ye then Deceived the K—g, and Pissed upon poor Quixote.—Ye meant to reduce him to Indigence, and turn him (if his Principle was no better than your own) upon the Highway.—And what had he done? How had he deserved such Treatment?

Was

viii P R E F A C E.

Was it because he served faithfully untill he could serve no longer?—Or because *QUIXOTE* was warmly recommended by his most Illustrious and Indulgent Patroness the Princess of *ORANGE* (on Account of Ten Years Faithful, tho' Unfortunate, Service as a Subaltern in the *Scots* Brigade) to the Protection of His Royal Highness the Duke of *CUMBERLAND*.—He adjures you, in the Name of *GOD*, (if ye know there is such a Being) and of *TRUTH*, (if ye understand it) to give him a rational and satisfactory Answer.—
 If you can prove *QUIXOTE* guilty of One mean or wicked Action, (God knows how many ye daily commit) he is open to Conviction;—nay, he will be his own Judge, Try, and give himself up to condign Punishment.—Mean Time, he cites you both to answer unto him, before the Great and Just Judge, within Fourscore Years; and commends his Sovereign Lord King *GEORGE* the Third to *GOD* the Father and our Lord *JESUS CHRIST*, to preserve his Majesty from all unrighteous Men.

Nil nisi Veritas.

Unto

*Himsworth, near Pontefract, }
 in Yorkshire, April 9, 1761. }*

UNTO the Right Amiable and Truly Rich,

DICK the COBLER*

AND

His *Wife Wife* NAN,

This MEDLEY is, with the most profound Veneration,
complicated, *Greeting*.

O Tempora! O Mores!

DESCEND, *Thalia*, (tho' the Pray'r seems odd)
Descend to aid my Strains—The Truth, by God,
So, so!—You smile.—Muse, 'tis a serious Matter;
Curs'd be the sordid Tongue that stoops to flatter.

Curse not, you shock me! Zounds! I'll curse again,
With Spirit damn too, all—but honest Men.

* * * * *

Free from the Pains, the higher Cares of Life,
Contented Cobler, hail! and Cobler's Wife!
To you, blest Pair, I complicate these Lays,
Join then in Chorus to the Poet's Praise;
Both, both applaud each Period as it rolls,
And buy (be sure) best Leather for my Soles.

B

Dear

* A certain eminent Cobler of Parchments in the North of *Tarrataria*.

x DEDICATION.

Dear *Dick*, had'st thou ten Votes, I might command
Those precious Votes, and rise to cheat the Land;
Wert thou a Virgin, *Nan*, and I Eighteen,
Arabia's Monarch, thou shouldst be my Queen.

I'm not so blest.—Then *Poll* commend my Fire
With *Nan's* known Candor,—Friendly, like thy Sire:
Be thankful Child, thy Dad has done his Duty,
He'll fill thy Purse, and God has lent thee Beauty.
Start with a Cobler!—Well!—I guess the End on't—
Be easy Muse!—'twill do, 'twill do, depend on't.

AN EPIGRAM.

No F. R. S. nor C. C. C.

Combine to entertain;

Nor V. D. M. nor S. T. P.

Nor any Thing that's plain.

I have the Honour to—be,

Your very humble Hobby,

QUIXOTE *de la Mancha the Second.*

To

D E D I C A T I O N

To the Right Frenchified Clever and Sincere

Signor *Tirly-Wirly, Nery-Nary,*

VICE-COMES *de* RABBRINGTON,

Late Tarysecre-Ta raw. * Ha! ha! ha!

The following new Song is most respectfully dedicated,

To the Tune of, *Ballenamony hora.*

1.

LO! *Ballenamony hora!*
Can peep through a Hole or a Bore, a,
Yet his lovely Eyes will be sore, ah!
My Song when he happens to see.

2.

Like *Ballenamony hora,*
You've seen Fops and Pedants a Score, a
Smoke *Ballenamony hora,*
A fine dapper Lad as you'll see.

3.

Sweet *Ballenamony hora,*
Perhaps you have met with before, a
A Prig whom the Ladies adore, a
But Gods! what a Subject for me!

B 2

Bawl,

* Much the same Kind of Charge in *Tarrataria*, as S—y at W—r
in *England*.

xii D E D I C A T I O N.

4.
Bawl, *Ballenamony* hora,
No Bellow ! no Money more, ah !
Shrewd *Ballenamony* pore, a
Else Dev'l a Farthing you'll fee.

5.
Bold *Ballenamony* hora
Could swim through an Ocean of Gore, a
True B——ns that Ocean deplore, ah !
But Dev'l a Farthing cares he.

6.
Smart *Ballenamony* hora
Has Rhet'rick and Gold, a good Store, a
If W—D—N's the Son of *Deborah*,
A *Job*, or a *Dryden*, I'll be.

7.
What's *Ballenamony* hora ?
A Cucumber, Mushroom, or *Corah*,
How sweetly his Donship can snore, ah !
Midst Battles at Land or at Sea.

8.
Don *Ballenamony* hora,
To *France*, let us send, or *Gommorrah*,
Then B——ns may sing, or may roar, a
From Fops we've a Chance to be free.

Vivat *Ballenamony*.

The



T H E
M E D L E Y.

C A N T O I.

— *DEUS hæc fortasse, benigna*

Reducet in sedem vice.

STRANGE THINGS I sing, *past, present, and to come,*
Far from shrill Trumpet's Blast, and beat of
Drum.

Hail, BLOOMING YOUTH! *Great-B—n's* Guardian, hail!
The Muse for Thee invents no flimzy Tale;
With her the God of Truth vouchsafes to dwell;
Truth lifts the Poet from his lonely Cell.

How rugged, Prince, the Path to Glory's Goal!
How Great a Monarch with a Royal Soul;
Hard, hard indeed, young G——'s Task appears,
God grant him Wisdom riper than his Years.

I've seen Thee once—Thanks to my God, I've seen
Thy SAVIOUR's Image in thy God-like Mien.
Seen the resplendent Form that speaks thee Great,
Saviour of E——d——'tis not yet too late.

May

May every tender *Passion Virtue* knows,
 Within thy *placid Royal Breast* repose;
 May dear-bought Conquests of North, East, and West,
 Sweet *Peace* restore to give the Victors Rest.

For what is Gold but base deceitful Trash?
 The Atheist's Idol, dire, the Miser's Lash;
 And what each Conquest of the Land or Flood?
 A Field or Fort o'erflow'd with Streams of Blood.

Oh, gracious Youth!—I hope to see the Days
 When *peaceful G*—shall more adorn my Lays,
 By pious Deeds consign'd to deathless Fame,
 (EUROPE'S PEACE-MAKER be thy sacred Name)
 Than all the *Heroes*, be they *Dons* or *Kings*,
 Exalted now on Fame's too partial Wings.

Then mark me well,—a Subject, Sir, most true
 To your *Great Grandfire*, and the same to you;
 Who shares alike, (you may believe it Sire)
 A *Christian's* Morals with a Poet's Fire.

No. A. B. P. *Quixote* you'll find C. B.
John nam'd GREAT JESUS, *Charles* hath surnam'd thee
John, the Almighty King whom Monarchs fear;
Charles, the Peace-Maker, whom good Men revere.

Rest good ANSELMO—Candid was thy Heart,
 A Soul that scorn'd the subtle Flatterer's Art;
 Of pious Nature, of a Conscience nice,
 Which greatly strove to stem the Stream of Vice.
 What Friend, what Foe was ever known distress?
 Yet kind ANSELMO's Spirit seem'd at rest?

When

When Law's dread Sentence in a guilty Land,
 Sued for the Sanction of his trembling Hand,
 The Mandate just,—hard, ink some still appear'd
 To *Mercy's Patron*, more *belov'd* than fear'd.

But who can e'er suspect a Bosom Friend,
 A fav'rite Servant, for a treach'rous Fiend?
 Thee, thee, just Prince, my Heart shall never blame;
 My purest Strains devoted to thy Name;
 To truest Worth a grateful *Tripod* raise,
 And *QUIXOTE's* Wrong proclaim *ANSELMO's* Praise:
 His Failings few—the *Honest Man* I sing;
 Superior Virtue never grac'd a *King*.
 Be grateful Friends—a *Father* lost deplore,
 Let V. D. M. or S. T. P. say more.
 Mark me, thou gentle, tender-hearted Youth;
 Mark well the Strains of *sober, serious Truth*.
 No stupid Guzzler, ne'er a Slave to Pelf,
 Now hear the partial *Poet* praise himself:
 Come, kill an Hour at Whist.—'Tis impious.—What?
 My harmless Sports, the Muse, my *Pbill*, and Cat,
 My Pastime (higher than an Ace and Trés)
 To rhyme, or chat with A. B.—C. C. C.
 Not, like *Domitian*, screen'd from curious Eyes,
 To ape the busy World by catching Flies,
 Or frown at Fortune, though the Grapes be sower,
 A Spirit mine far, far beyond her Power.
 A Spirit prompt on some bright Star to fix,
 In gazing happier than in Coach and Six.

“ Who

“ Who is this bold Intrepid, Son of War,

“ That catches Flies by Turns, and scans a Star ?”

’Tis I, *Old General*, QUIXOTE, QUIXOTE fell,

That means to save thy noble Soul from Hell.

Think not GILONIER, thou hast Power to shun,

The *Widow’s Comfort* wrong’d, the *Good Man’s Son*,

“ Mad to be sure, by all that’s fair below.”

If QUIXOTE’s mad, my Lord, who made him so ?

Mad as he seems, you’ll find him such a Fellow,

As rarely struts with *Scarlet*, *Blue*, or *Yellow*.

He means to bait thee like a Bull or Bear,

(Stare then, ye Bucks of *Tarrataria*, stare !)

Dotard, since now I’ve got thee in my Clutches,

I’ll help thy *crazy E*——ce to Crutches ;

My injur’d Spirit shall proclaim her Wrong,

’Till Dullness damns thee e’en in Grubstreet Song.

Specious, deceitful, smiling aged Prig,

Go tease thy Nymphs, or twirl a Whirligig.

Let Merit, Valour, drop their just Pretence,

To prove Thee void of *Skill*, of *Common Sense*.

“ GILONIER’s old ;—he may forget you know”——

Yes ; but he keeps two Nymphs——*Que ça est beau !*

There lies the Joy, the truest Joy of Life,—

Two W——s are surely better than a Wife.

Alas ! have Pity on your aged Keeper !

His Gold abounds.——“ Lard ! what a charming——

Sleeper !”

Gold

But still some Joy, my Girls, remains secure,
 Young Sparks, you know, are *fierce*, an old one *sure*.
 Gold makes the *Chloe*, Lack of Gold the *Trull*;
 Your St*****'s ready, if your Purse be full.

Now, crazy P—r, you see *que je bien sai*
Demontrer chaque Chien has his Day.

And now, grown tir'd of my low Rhyme on *Wenches*,
 You'll find poor QUIXOTE *accompli* with *French* is.

D'un certain jeun M——r l'on a Conté souvent,

Les moyens, peu communs, pour obtenir song Rang,

Quand j'allai (disoit il) chez M——r le M——l,

Je l'ai trouvé, peutetre, tout serieux et pale;

Moi—je Ris, je Badine, je Joue, tout á la fois,

Le mechant Militair, ou le méchant Bourgeois:

Ainsi de sa Grace decouvrai le tresor,

Ainsi decouvrai et sa Foible, et sont Fort;—

*Et * * *—de jeun Capitaine danc, me vodila M——r.*

Awake, GILONIER! awake!

For Character, for QUIXOTE's Sake,

That he should languish, where's the Law,

In Defarts of A R A B I A?

A free-born B——n, and a Brave,

Turn *Suicide* for Honour's Grave?—

QUIXOTE, wrong'd QUIXOTE, now implores

One easy Place for two sweet W——s.

(I only jest—thou fumbling Imp,

QUIXOTE's no *Parasite* nor *Pimp*)

Grant me but this, (what's none of mine)
MAMBRINO's Helmet shall be thine;
All, all the Trophies rais'd for me,
With Pleasure I'll transfer to thee.

Nay, (if 'twou'd help to raise thy Fame)
QUIXOTE will grace thee with his Name:

But *Dulcy* dear, my only Joy,
Ask not that precious Boon, old Boy!
Dulcy shall watch my latest Breath,
Stretch my cold Limbs, and smile on Death.

I am (as much as Truth can utter)
Your Friend and Servant, C——S B——R.

QUIXOTE the Learned, the Renown'd, to thee
For late Redress applies, Great GEORGE,—ah me!
The gen'rous Prince deigns my Request to hear,
And mild AUGUSTA drops a tender Tear.

✠ Did GEORGE but know how bitter QUIXOTE's Life,
Supported only by his *Pen* and *Wife*:
Could'st thou, Dread Sovereign, his Spirit see,
Thy Grandfire's faithful Servant would serve thee.

END of the First CANTO.

CANTO

C A N T O II.

Nemo me impune Lacessit.

*Is it of Moment to the Peace of Heaven
That I should be afflicted thus?—If not,
Why is it so contrived?—* MOURN. BRIDE.

SEE! how the grey-ey'd Morn peeps o'er yon Hill—
'Twill be a fine Day, or I've lost my Skill.—
The sickly Sub has left *Arabia's* Plain;
Health to the Buck that meets me there again:
The Time has been when *QUIXOTE* could bear Cold,
Hunger and Toil; but *QUIXOTE* now grows old;
Not old thro' Years, but with Grief, Aches, and Pains,
His Wants are chiefly Money, Health, and Brains;
Sense for an Honest Man, a Vein for Sport,
He boasts—but that perhaps won't do at —.
Time leaves us quick, quick as a fleeting Dream,
Seem what ye are, or be the Thing ye seem.
Not all the Art of Rhetoric will prove ● ● ● ●
“Th' Intrigues of *Venus*, or the Rapes of *Jove*?”—
With thee, wrong'd *QUIXOTE*, patient Virtue dwell—
Say, does a R——r merit Heaven or []?
'Twas Pride that cast th' aspiring Angels down,
Five Shillings seem to me much like a Crown.
Ye Sons of Genius, Bucks of *Bacchus*, hear,
Shall we have Peace, or fight another Year?
Long has that Point, occasion'd high Dispute
'*QUIXOTE*, bestow spare Cash on a New Suit.”—
What Mushrooms rise! What Men of Merit sink!
What Heaps of Trash acquir'd by Pen and Ink!

As sure as Fate, *Pride* one Day has a Fall

A worthy Man, what's he? Nothing at all.

"Talk not of *Worth* to me—I tell thee, Fool,

"*Worth* seems less pleasing than a good hard St——l."

Lewd Men at——*Vigo*—Scoundrels in a String,

My Muse, or Thou, my Charmer *Frafi*, sing.—



"An aukward Joker, seems the serious Man,"

A chatt'ring Female, silence——if you can.—

"My Pulse beats high—I see my Nymph approach:

"*Haddox's* the best Bagnio—Here, Coach! Coach!"

Blind, partial Fortune, Lewdness, Vice, thy Lure,

The Rake, the Jilt, thy lasting Smile insure.

"You take plain *Scots*;" *QUIXOTE* once took *Rappee*
Vivat la Mancha, bless thy Mortgagee.—

"Come, *Tragic Muse*, come, sooth my glowing Ear;"

"Is *Her's* the Music of the Spheres, my Dear?"

Heaven waits till Doomsday, Fools may ride there Post,
Why, why was Paradise by Woman lost?——

Some Nymphs are sweet, some have a loathsome Flavour,

What thinks *Ernesto*? "Kissing goes by Favour."

What must the Buck do, that has drown'd his Brains?

Fly to his Dad—he'll damn him for his Pains:

But from the milder Tongue of C. C. C.

You'll hear no Railing, though you drain the Sea.

Say, what's Religion? What the Means of Grace?

"As diff'rent *Faith*, as every human Face,"

A Haunch of Ven'son, *Chloe*, Wine, Wild Fowl,

Please our nice Passions, and ingross the Soul.

When

When wilful Sins augment the guilty Score,
 " Friend, you're in Danger"—that I knew before.
 But can Repentance ever come too late?
 " We're quite uncertain 'twixt free Will, and Fate,"
 By Virtue, Prudence, what can Men attain?
 " Pleasure and Peace of Mind"—now, now, you're plain.
 " Dost thou believe there be three Gods in one?"
 I do.—Let DEISTS damn me—I'm the Man.
 Thrice happy BEVERIDGE, Fools may learn from thee,
 That there are *Three in One*,—*but One in Three*.

Rouze, *Clio*, rouze, let History take Place;
 The secret Source of Wealth in *Belgia* trace;
 Go somewhere else for Language, for Discourse,
 A Bag of Dirt, what a rare Hobby-Horse!
 Cleanly compos'd, flat, stupid, to their Wish,
 Hear *Burgomasters* brag of buying Fish,
 Soles, Herrings, Haddocks, Turbot, Cod, or Ling;
 Could Dulness rhyme, the *Belgic* Muse would sing.
 Dead will not suit, the Fish must move his Tail,
 Then, like a Cit, the Savage can regale;
 No tow'ring Rocks oppose the raging Storm,
 Sense, Honour, Friendship, sunk in tedious Form;
 Few sprightly Balls to crown the Lover's Joy,
 His tawdry *Lief*, chill, aukward, stiff, and coy.—
 In *Russia*, QUIXOTE, say,—what's curious there?
 Continual Frost, and Maids in deep Despair:
 Lo, the fierce Tiger, the Virago Queen,
 Bears beyond Number——*human Bears* I mean,
Correlli's native Soil, *Italia*, hail,
 Mild is thy Clime, the am'rous Females frail;
 The Language, Music, Maxims, we approve,—
 Thy happy Eunuch dares the Flames of Love:

No

No Padlock jealous Niggards urge—not they,
 Each wedded Lady's Lock,——a *Chichesbay*.——
 “In *Spain* and *France*,” *Parbleu Je n'en sai rien*——
Les Francois (a ce qu'on dit) sont Drols des Cbiens.
 (*Chaq'un son gout*——quite well;——but make a Rhyme on't
 The Pimp, the Locksmith, has a noble Time on't)
Gens tres polis, tres Subtils, tres Capables,
Vainqueurs, et Riches, Fiers comme Mille Diabes ;
Fils de Bacchus ;——de la Soupe, tour à tour.——
Grand Dieu, la France, que cest un beau Sejour !
J'avoue pourtant, que le Climat sent Cbaud,
Saint CAS, 'Je n'ai pas veu, mais Saint MALO,
Mon Corps Brulant, en Brulant les Vaisseaux.
N'importe.——Je prend la Poste pour l' Arabie,
 That *Paradise* to F———K, *Hell*——, to me.
 QUIXOTE, sick Sub!——and must it then be so?
 Shall QUIXOTE hurt *immediate* Service? No.——
 What shall he do? Go home,——“I'll give you Leave.”
 Humane Lord G——E, thy Goodness all perceive;
 (Thou living Emblem of the Pow'r divine.)
 Heroic Friend, 'tis plain I must RESIGN:
 Ails known I have; *one Ail which no Man knows ;*
 Of late increas'd, and now must seek *Repose*.——
 That Ail to thee, GILONIER, I exprest,
 At my Return.————GILONIER knows the rest.
 ——*Repose*, GILONIER, to thy aged Bones,
 Hail, *Tristram Shandy*, yours, my dear *Tom Jones*.
 Droll, pious *Tristram*, none shall e'er outdo,
Tom's a great Wit,——found in his *Morals* too;
 Pure, dull *Philosophy* can please no more
Tristram, the motly Sage whom Wits adore:

The Child now born,—behold, how God hath blest us,
Behold! a *Tristram* now,—or *Tristram-gistus*! —
What do Beaus lack?—some Papers for their Hair?
Ah! *Tristram*, *Tristram*! there's too much to spare.
Zounds! what a Change!—"Pray, Sir, observe my Plan,"
"Zounds, view my Shoe"—ERNESTO, what is Man?
Who knows if *Wit*, or *Beauty*, pleases most?
Fine Ladies are fine Ladies to our Cost.—
Th' *Arabian* Shore, lo! thund'ring Cannon shakes;—
Doctor, dear Doctor, canst thou cure my Aches?
Ah! foreign Tumults, will ye never cease?
What spiteful Neighbours, Bears, Baboons, and Fleas!
To scorching Flames, add not one Bit of Fuel,
Let me advise pure Love, and Water-Gruel.
While Riches last, no Want of powerful Friends;—
But where the Grateful, who have got their Ends?
A virtuous Wife proves tender, constant, kind,—
No more fine Speeches—Words are only Wind.
But *apropos*, *Comment se porte ma Chere*?
"*Dulcy's* quite happy when her *Don* is near."
What Stir abroad? ERNESTO, what the News?
This Week, at least, *Mall* has not clean'd my Shoes.
Yorkshire abounds with one good Thing, call'd Coals,—
At *Durham*, what a Set of Fiddling Souls.
London's the Seat of Wealth, pray where lives Vice?
Stout *Jack* can cure his Lady in a Trice.
Pardon, good Lord, the Nations crying Sins;
The Curtain rises—hush—the Play begins.
Is this the End of all our Plagues and Strife?
Encor! Encor! Encor! *The jealous Wife*.—

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Ye Priests declame through Form,—ye Poets rave!
 Be charmed, ye Fair, with every Fop or Knave:
 By Golden Rules, Physicians prove your Skill;
 Ye Lawyers, gild the self-tormenting Pill,
 For shining Heaps, go, Merchants, plough the Main,
 Let Spendthrifts dream of Gold—then dream again.

* * * * *

God hath declar'd, and all but Madmen know
 Love and true Friendship form the Bliss below.
 When Soldiers plunder, (if I'm not mistaken)
 An Halter's no bad Thing to save the Bacon:
 The strictest Order sure will ne'er prevent it,
 Untill a Gibbet proves their Leader meant it.
 Arraign me not for Witchcraft, or High Treason,
 In Fighting, Sir, there's neither Rhyme nor Reason.
 Leave the bright Muse to her own wise Direction—
 "Yes, there's some Sense in that, and great Connection."
 Sure, none but Fools would languish, droop, and die,
 Roast Goose far better, or a nice minc'd Pye.
 Some talk of Grandeur, Freedom, Wealth, and Power;
 Lions there are, I've seen them in the Tower:
 A handsome Damsel and a Flannel Cowl,
 Joys quite sufficient for a *Gallic* Soul.
Vivat the P——r, without his Hat and Wig.
 "Miss *Prim*, pray take a Bus, or dance a Jig!"

But,

But, O ye Gods! what Scenes of After-Woe,
 What! Hast thou catch'd a Tartar, *Jack*? Oh, Oh!
 One Thing is—certain—have you never read
 That Musket-Balls are chiefly made of Lead?
 Now, Ladies, guess, Philosophers define
 How many Sorts of modern Love and Wine.
 Bears, Parrots, Monkeys, all in human Shape—
 C——s was sued at Seventy for a Rape.
 “Nay, now, my Lord, fy, fy!—can’t you be civil;
 A prudent Pride would baulk the very Devil.
 Tho’ the Dawn’s overcast, the Morning low’rs,
 Old Debts, my Boy, are better than old Sores.
 With Virtue only, what’s a Girl?—A Custard.
 What, with great Fire and Spirit? Keen as Mustard.
 With Learning what? Ay, what indeed? *mafoi*,
 A Ship with too much Sail—a *Je n’sai quoi*.
 Whatever fair one bears more Sail than Ballast;
 Guess what she is, and what she ever shall last.
 QUIXOTE! your Favourite Girl: Why, by my Troth—
 She that nor plods nor chats—yet can do both.—
 Now Friends, the Don fatigu’d with serious thinking,
 Means to amuse, by the nice Art of Clinking;
 Not always chaste the Prude with great Pretence,
 How bless’d the Lass that has but common Sense;
 Can make a Pudding or a Pye,—and stitch,—
 She that knows more—I’d burn her for a Witch.
 Pray did you hear what *Chloris* lately lost;
Chloris the Gay, the celebrated Toast?
 “With her I’d traverse e’en *Arabia’s* Fields,
 “For Beauty’s ne’er so bright as when it yields;

"Should *Cbloris* there the cruel Minx contemn me,
 "Adieu, *sans Compliment*, you, b—Gad, dem'ye."
Dulcinea, Bucks, *Dulcinea's* all Divine,
 Her Features pleasing, and her Person fine.—
 What suits so well as *Quic*, *et sa Chere Ame*?
 Rest and Contentment in the Land of Ham.—
 The Man that hits a Quail may kill a Snipe.—
 Come fill your Bumper, smoke another Pipe.
 "'Gainst Wits and Sceptics, gracious Gods defend!
St——n and *V——re* our Hearts will never mend.
 Well meant at least the Flights of *QUIXOTE's* Pate,
 To brighten Truth, to soften rigid Fate.
 O wond'rous Proof of Clemency divine!
 "Let *Cæsar* have the World, if *Dulcy's* mine.
 What suits the Fair? A handsome idle Fellow.—
 But finest Fruit is loath'd when grown too mellow.
 How Men of Parts build Castles in the Air!
 I'm tir'd to Death,—yet can't keep Man nor Mare,
 Or Black, or Grey, or Chesnut (Sirs)—O Spite,
 That *QUIXOTE* e'er was born *la Mancha's* Knight!
 Oppression! Rapine!—Is it foul or fair?
 The Roads are deep, give me a stout Road Mare;
 'Tis plainly seen, 'tis felt, and understood——
 The worst of Ills may one Day turn to Good.
 Dear, dear *GILONIER*, restore my Mare,
 By Justice earn the *injur'd Poet's* Pray'r;
 I'll spare no Corn, fresh *Yorkshire* Hay and Straw:
 Pray, *QUIXOTE*, what's her Name? *Greek*, *Algebra*.—
 'Tis late methinks—Get Supper, Waiter, fly!
 My Sheets well air'd, a Bed-Room warm and dry;

A Brace of Partridge, Capon, with Egg-Sauce.
 QUIXOTE, by G—d, craz'd GILLY's in your Claws,
 That gives me Joy—*Allons*, strike up Musicians;
 Go fetch me fifty Nymphs, and five Physicians;
 Play on I say,—the Fellows seem affrighted,
 The *Tool* is bad indeed that can't be righted.
 How vain, how various human Cares and Strife!
 Mark my *rich* Cobler and his *witty* Wife.
 Trees all in Blossom, how *Rome's* Altar smokes;
Milton for Stile, shrewd *Rochester* for Jokes:
 In Truths religious, should your Mem'ry fail,
 Consult learn'd *Quixote*, *Bev'ridge*, *Shandy*, *Bayle*;
 Repeat a Fable, sing a good old Song.—
 Have you read *Fontinelle*, Sir, and *Scarron*?
 Long Ruffles, Ladies, Negleees, the Mode,
 Trimm'd Jackets now old fashion'd seem, and odd.
 The haughty Prelate stalks with rosy Face,
 D. D. would be my L—d, my L—d his G—ce.
 From Moles or Mountains hope for no Relief,
 “’Tis not in Harmony to sooth my Grief.”
 In Bed till Ten let lazy B——ps snore,
 I rise at Five, what Curate can do more?
 Shouldst thou, my Fair, in anxious Mood repine,
 Make me Chief P—st, *i. e.* The God of Wine.
 What strange Chimeras of an heated Brain?
 Oats are strong Food, but Wheat's the better Grain.
 Ages on Ages roll, few Sages write—
 Was there a Ball or Opera last Night?

A serious Book ne'er fails to raise the Spleen,
 Who'd change his Post-Chaise for a Stage-Machine?
 No Dunce, no Conjuror shall be my Friend;
 Ah! would to God false Wit was at an End!
 Believe me, *Dulcy*, 'tis a Point agreed,—
 A Man is most neglected when in Need.—
 "ANSELMO sleeps!—my good old King——poor I,
 O bounteous God,——in Plenty hope to die.—
 What can this Noise, this Hurly-Burly mean,
 A Herd of Bears, or an ungrateful Queen?
 Let Cannons rattle; Thunder, let it roar!
 "Success we can't command, but can do more."
 What seems more curious than a Swallow's Nest?
 Religion fled, and Virtue held a jest.—
 No Midnight Thief will scale my tott'ring Wall,
 An empty Purse; a Wife I've got—that's all,—
 Her Genius, Trade, *Britannia* smiles on thee;
 Commerce with Fighting can't thou e'er agree?
 Her Wealth abounds; at Sea amazing Force!
 "Pray Don, some smoother Topic of Discourse."
 Of Rhet'ric, Science bold, she boasts great Share;
 For *Edele Mogende* hath some to spare.
 To live in Hope——to be—or not to be——
 There lies the Question—what says S. T. P?
 For lack of Freedom, Fame, or sordid Pelf,
 The Man was never wise that kill'd himself.

Ernesto,

Ernesto, dost thou think Repining fair
 'Gainst a just God? "Contentment, Friend, is rare."
 What if Misconduct has undone a Man?
 Let him amend his Morals and his Plan:
 "We cannot work,—to beg are quite ashamed;
 Such the meek Souls in *Turky*, Christians nam'd:
 Such the proud Wretch who rushes on a Crime,
 Disgrace to Nature, Conscience, Reason,—Rhyme.
England, 'tis plain, affords no Nest for *Storks*,
 Meanest (if ought were mean) of all God's Works:
 The Witling's Choice, a new-born *Brat* to dandle,
QUIXOTE's averse to dance,—or hold the Candle.—
 In Truth, my Dear, you almost made me start;
 Who could have dreamt *Dulcinea* can ——?
 Hail! sweet Retirement, midst these Rocks and Groves:
 Hail! sweet Reflection of——Balls and clean Gloves.
 My only Wish, should my meek Judge deny; ——
 "Have Patience Friend—you'll have it by-and-by"—
 Aid me, *Thalia*, to conclude my Song:
 Sir, says my Lord, I'll serve you——Come along.
 I doat on *Virtue*——not on Lips or Eyes,
 Those are the usual Baits for catching Flies;
 Beef and Contentment all my Soul's Desire,
 A scolding Wife might set my House on Fire;
 Pen, Ink, and Paper, a large Pinch——of Snuff,
 Sermons, my Dear, are often pinch'd enough.

Not

Not quite so high as Heaven,—so low as Hell,
 I'd be——'twas thus great *Milton's* Angels fell :
 Too oft the D—l assumes a Form divine * *
Chateaux for Peers,—an happy Cottage mine.

Does Pride, or Gold, or Grandeur make a Man ?
 O ! never, never, since the World began.—
 My only Love, my Life, my better Half,
 Shouldst thou die first, leave me a good Oak Staff :
 Sure that must seem a modest small Request,—
 Or stretch these Joints, and I'm completely blest.
 The Time may come when all our Woes will end ;
 That Woe seems great indeed, which Time can't mend.

Musing, to *QUIXOTE*, yields supreme Delight ;
 “ But sit not up, dear *Quic*, so late at Night.”
 If Writing e'er should chance to turn my Brain,
 Send me to *Belgia*, or *Arabia's* Plain.—
 Wit oft gets Wealth, tho' 'tis but a meer Shadow ;
 Wisdom, Renown,—yet wise Men may seem mad, *Oh !*
Dulcy, beware, should thy Don cross the Sea,
 Never, ah ! never he'd return to thee.

Calista found 'twas false *Lothario's* Way ;
Osmyr, art thou *Alphonso* ?—*c'est trop vrai*.

To *GEORGE* Peace, Love, Treasure,
 Life, Health, Wisdom, Pleasure ;
 Success to his Arms, and my *Work* for his Leisure. }



CHRISTIANITY

Against

DEISM and IMMORALITY.

A P O E M.

*Non enim Hilaritate et Risu, atq; Joco, Comile Levitatis;
sed sepe etiam Tristes firmitate, et Constantia sunt beati.*

SEN.

 ESSENCE divine, Supreme! Omniscient Lord!
As GOD, as FATHER, fear'd, believ'd, ador'd,
Thy Image Man, his *Maker's Grace* implores,
In Suit of Grace, to Heav'n, thy Dwelling,
soars,

Eternal, Splendid, Boundless, Blest Abode
Of the self-ruling, self-existent GOD;
(Whose Presence, veil'd in Earth's polluted Sphere,
Shines more conspicuous, more immediate, there)

Sincere, tho' frail, my grateful Heart essays
Thy wond'rous Love, in lowly Strains, to praise.
My joyful Tongue, to celebrate Thy Name,
Thy Mercies all, and all Thy Truth, proclaim,

E

God's

God's beauteous Works, and their Perfection, boast,
'Till Utt'rance dies, in Contemplation lost.

Thy Power immense, in various Pomp, display'd
From Chaos Order, Light from gloomy Shade.—
We know but Part—more glorious Realms afar
God's higher Skill, his ampler Sway, declare.
From Thee our Clay receiv'd its Form divine.
The tow'ring Soul, Sense, Reason, Health, is Thine,
With ev'ry precious Gift by Thee endow'd,
Man, to be *happy*, needed but be *good*.
His Task delightful, his Instructions plain,
Pure Joy his Lot, and no succeeding Pain.
Possess'd of all that *Eden* could afford,
God's highest Favourite, Creation's Lord.
Blest in Extreme—well may our Tears deplore
The lost Estate;—never that State restore.

Pure was our Frame, each Part refined, just,
Now (dismal Change) a Mass of sensual Dust.
From *Virtue* fall'n, of native Bliss bereav'd,
By Sin deluded, by Ourselves enslav'd.

The Child scarce born, with instant Cries and Tears,
Foretells the Mis'ry of approaching Years.

Grown up, (tho' train'd upon the soundest Plan)
In Prime a wicked, weak, imperfect Man.

See Fears alarm, Corruption sinks the Mind;
Fraud, Envy, Lust, Dissention, curse Mankind.

Nor *Love* the Heart, nor *Faith* exalts the Soul,
Extinguish'd both, or both, at best, grown cool.

Say,

Say, haughty Man, (if still the Question's nice)
 Art thou to *Virtue* most inclin'd, or *Vice*?
 When fairly weigh'd, if scanty *Virtue* fail,
 If pond'rous *Vice* o'erload the heavy Scale,
 Ingenuous Conscience, to expose thy Pride,
 Will briefly prove what Reason long deny'd;
 Vain Reason then herself will soon confute,
 And Revelation end the vain Dispute.

Thus——when with spotless Innocence adorn'd,
 When Man, perverse, immortal Being scorn'd,
 From God's chief Precept soon entic'd to stray,
 Degen'rate grew, and cast the Gift away;
 By Sin undone, perfidious, wicked, blind,
 Dire Sin entail'd on *Adam's* wretched Kind,
 Behold how smiling *Mercy* interpos'd,
 By Revelation, mark the Truth disclos'd,
 O lasting Miracle! 'twas thus decreed,
 (Blush guilty Man) Divinity must bleed!

“ The Word made Flesh, the Covenant shall seal,

“ The Woman's Seed shall bruise the Serpent's Heel.

JEHOVAH spoke * * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * * The PRINCE of PEACE descends

To save the World, his potent Arm extends:

Th' Eternal Son, self-offered from the Fall,

Sole mediatorial Sacrifice for all.

O Mystery too deep for us to scan;
 He came, he suffer'd, bled for faithless Man!

As God, sufficient to repair their Loss;
Dread Truth, he seal'd our Pardon on the Cross.

* * * * *

Th' ascended God soon triumphs o'er the Grave,
To impious Wretches whom he died to save;
(God of that Nature which he deign'd to share)
His Love extends; and sympathizing Care,
Invites Mankind his Precepts to receive,
That none should perish, and that all may live.

So highly favour'd shall th' ungrateful Clay
To Chance ascribe God's all-directing Sway;
Shall Slaves to Sense new Deities explore,
And blindly still each fav'rite Lust adore?
Father, forbid, may all the Son embrace,
Lest sudden Vengeance blast the guilty Race.
Dwell, blessed Spirit, in the contrite Frame,
Accept its Vows and feed the sacred Flame.

Deluded Slaves to Pleasure, Wealth, and Power,
Who rarely know the self-improving Hour;
Your boasted Joys, all fleeting, false, and vain,
Less tempt to Envy than excite Disdain;
Inflame the Passions, and the Mind inthrall,
With Ardour courted, when attain'd they pall.

Ignobly then, by soothing Fancy led,
You seek Repose on Pleasure's flow'ry Bed;
In vain explore the shining faithless Prize,
The Midnight Fantom, which at Morning flies.

In quest of Power, quit the safest Road,
Endow'd with Freedom groan beneath it's Load.
If lasting Happiness your Souls desire;
If to eternal Bliss they still aspire,
That Bliss is yours, when, at MESSIAH'S Call,
To gain the precious Pearl, ye scorn them all.

O ye, with Woes, with Loads of Guilt oppress'd,
Approach—your gracious Lord will give you Rest;
Heaven waits for thee of mild contented Mind;
Blest all that mourn, true Comfort they shall find.
Blessed the Meek, whose bashful Hope appears,
Earth's richest Treasure justly shall be theirs.
Bless'd they who thirst for Truth and Uprightness,
The quenching Fruit they shall in Store possess.
Bless'd, bless'd are all who tender Mercy show;
Mercy on them the Father will bestow.
For ever blessed all whose Hearts are pure,
They the lov'd Presence of their God insure.
Bless'd those who strive lost Friendship to redeem,
God's Fav'rite Children, such let Men esteem.
Bless'd all who suffer in a righteous Cause;
Their Portion Heaven itself and God's Applause.

No Rituals now, nor Incense, will suffice,
A contrite Heart, an upright Life, I prize.
Consider, Man—be steadfast, be sincere,
Thy God, in Spirit and in Truth, revere.
Let this new Maxim every Christian bind,
(Such now the Love you owe to all Mankind)

Oblig'd, let Gratitude your Bosom fill
 With Good; when injur'd, recompense the Ill.
 Whate'er you deem your Neighbour bound to do,
 Impartial, make a standing Rule to you.
 Seek Heaven betimes, its Joys retain in View,
 And Bliss (if Earth knows Bliss) shall strait ensue.
 Should God see fit his Favour to withdraw,
 When Man perverts the salutary Law,
 Know there's a Cause, and still his Mercy boast,
 Most happy they who are afflicted most.
 By human Woes environ'd ne'er despair,
 Patient implore Relief by fervent Pray'r;
 The Crosses balance with your Comforts lent,
 In every State let Virtue yield Content.
 Is Grandeur, Power, Opulence, bestow'd,
 The dangerous Gifts of a discerning God,
 Relieve the Poor, dry up the Widow's Tears,
 The Orphan cherish in his tender Years,
 Obedient Steward to your bounteous Lord,
 Invite the Stranger to your Roof and Board;
 Superfluous Wealth in pious Deeds expend,
 The Child of God, when to Mankind a Friend.
 Look round the Globe, each varying State survey,
 The Globe itself still tending to Decay.
 Regard it not,—nor to false Pleasures rove,
 Sublimier Objects claim your ardent Love.
 On mean Enjoyments ne'er bestow your Heart,
 Or know the Father can possess no Part.

Unspotted

Unspotted live, tumultuous Passion quell;
 Strive, nobly strive, in *Virtue* to excel.
 Aspire, to Bliss, and labour while 'tis Day,
 For strait the Gate, and narrow is the Way.
 Your chearful Mind with pious Zeal adorn,
 Prepar'd to meet *Injustice, Want, and Scorn.*
 The tow'ring Soul that wishes to be free,
 Must meekly bear the Cross and follow me;
 Through rugged Paths her glorious Course pervade;
 The Prize a Crown, a Crown that ne'er shall fade.

In candid Strains, unmix'd with formal Art,
 Thus flows the Language of a contrite Heart,
 By God's wise Precepts taught to stand in Awe,
 Inform'd, convinc'd, resolv'd to keep his Law.

In Grandeur, LORD, no dazzling Charm I find,
 No Thirst of transient Wealth torments my Mind;
 My Joy, Wealth, Greatness, is thy Law divine;
 My sole Ambition, to be wholly Thine.
 My humble Soul pants not for spreading Fame,
 (God's piercing Eye discerns her secret Aim)
 From Crouds retir'd, to Thee each Want declares,
 And promis'd Rest obtains from all her Cares.
 In Life's dark Vale Thou art my chearful Day,
 Thy Presence makes remotest Desarts gay:
 All human Bliss my Heart would never move,
 Far beyond human Bliss, Great God, Thy Love,
 Thy Truth I'll sing, my latest Moment nigh,
 Admire, embrace Thee, and in Rapture die.

O Thou, whose blessed self-existent State
 Would ever last, abstracted from our Fate;
 For us, how wond'rous thy paternal Care,
 Children of Wrath, as all our Fathers were;
 To every faithful Soul sure Means of Grace,
 The distant Goal, the narrow Path to trace,
 To mark th' auspicious Star that lights the Road
 Thro' Nature's Maze to Nature's Glorious God.

Tho' Cares perplex, tho' faithless Crouds annoy,
 To live in Hope, be ours, to die with Joy;
 Then, from the dreadful Vale of Death, pursue
 Peace, precious Peace, and Pleasures ever new.
 Thus blest the Change, thus fix'd a happy Doom,
 Hasten the last Judgment, may Thy Kingdom come.

How sage Thy Counsel, universal Cause,
 Sov'reign of Kings, most righteous are Thy Laws,
 My grateful Soul owes to thy just Decrees
 The Charms of Musing, and the Sweets of Ease:
 Compar'd with them well may the Saint maintain,
 Proud Science fails, Philosophy is vain.
 Strange! tho' Men oft applaud, admire, approve,
 Obedience rarely realizes Love.

Some, prone to Vice, who see the dire Mistake,
 Some willing Spirits find the Flesh too weak.
 In Sense immers'd, some scorn Religion's Call,
 Her Charms obliquely view, or not at all.
 In wanton Youth, deceitful dang'rous Time,
 Thoughtless and wild, some run from Crime to Crime;

Impe-

Impetuous Passion reigns without Controul,
The Bane alike of Body, Heart, and Soul.
Thus, thus, alas! impetuous Passion reigns,
'Till transient Joy gives Place to lasting Pains;
Reflection warns too faintly to restrain,
Virtue unvails her Beauties; but in vain,
The Hours in Vice, false Pleasure they employ,
And spurn the Dictates that oppose their Joy.

Religion formal, gloomy seems, and odd,
Thwarts their dear Pleasure, or condemns the Mode.
Inchanting Idols of the Young, the Gay,
Inshrin'd in —, to dazzle and betray.
Let Sages cant, the Pulpit vent its Rage,
Religion, irksome Task, they leave to Age:

But, ah! the Pleasures of those wasted Years,
Deform the Soul, and bathe old Age in Tears.
Grown old, the World, fantastic fleeting Scene,
Distasteful seems, ridiculous and mean:
Short-sighted Mortals, now the Farce is o'er,
It should have seem'd so many Years before.

“O, that cool Youth at Sixty might begin:”
Thus Millions wish the Lease renew'd—to sin.
Is this Repentance? Ah! too oft we feign;
Some stripp'd of Pow'r, the Will corrupt retain:
Whilst thus the Wretch laments his guilty State,
He still remains that Wretch he seems to hate;
Enough, 'tis plain, Life's Toil, the Crisis near,
(A wounded Mind e'en sprightly Youth can't bear)

Then

Then wasted Nature, tasteless Blessings cloy;
 Then stern Remorse condemns each lawless Joy;
 Life's comic Parts ungracefully are done,
 A deep, an endless Tragedy begun.

Then teach us, LORD, false Pleasure to despise,
 To baffle all the Wiles of soothing Vice;
 To shun, in Time, what once we must abhor;
 Not tamely bear that Yoke the Wise deplore.

Since Men, like Angels, know Thy sacred Will,
 Like them teach Men its Precepts to fulfil;
 How briefly summ'd the Dictates from above,
 Faith, Justice, Temp'rance, Charity, and Love;
 With these great Gifts may all true Hearts abound,
 Affiduous, watchful, never-failing found.
 The grov'ling Atheist, gracious God reform,
 Whose Sins unaw'd, who dares th' impending Storm;
 "There is no God," the wicked Fool exclaims;
 God's holy Law his vicious Practice blames,
 Mistaken Mortal, empty Form of Man!
 How vile, how gloomy, how absurd thy Plan!
 There is a GOD.—Rewards and Wrath in Store;
 Vain is thy Hope, to die and be no more.

Sin's various Growth, Thou God of Grace prevent;
 Convert the Sinner and confirm the Saint.
 Zealous in one true Faith, may all agree;
 May Heathens learn its Rules as well as we:
 All to one God united Rev'rence pay,
 More pleasing still, may all that God obey.

In every Clime, from Morn to setting Sun
 Good Works pursuing, and the Bad to shun,
 Through latest Ages may Thy Will be done.
 Indulgent Father! be Thy Grace our Stay,
 O teach us how, and hear us when we pray;
 Our wasting Bodies frequent Succour crave,
 Sustain us, LORD, on Earth, sustain and save;
 Our frequent Wants, O bounteous God, supply,
 In Mercy all our vain Requests deny.

Teach wav'ring Man, inconstant Fancy's Tool,
 To bound each Wish by sound Religion's Rule:
 Tho' warm his Wish for Torments in Disguise;
 What Fool implores his God to make him wise?

O ne'er with Wealth let Luxury intrude,
 Contentment grant us, and convenient Food;
 Lest, prosperous grown, our Pride the Merit claim,
 Or poor, turn faithless, and thy Judgment blame;
 Inspire due Gratitude for Blessings given,
 A grateful Soul, the fittest Guest for Heaven.

With solemn Vows to Thee, JEHOVAH, made,
 Our Hearts accept—too long those Hearts have stray'd,
 Thy Wrath to sooth, to deprecate Thy Rod,
 Accept the Merits of Thy Son, O God!
 Our Sins forgive, abate our various Woes,
 As we forgive, and prove true Friends to Foes;
 Deprav'd Self-love let Charity destroy,
 Let social Souls foretaste Celestial Joy;

Instruct proud Reason what is right, what wrong,
 May no Temptation ever prove too strong.
 Protect Thy Servants—(well Thy Wisdom can)
 From Hell-taught Wiles, and from the Craft of Man.
 By Thy good Counsel guide us while below,
 Thence best inform'd how we ourselves may know,
 The Bent of stubborn Nature how restrain,
 How Reason's Empire o'er the Mind maintain;
 How strive rebellious Passions to subdue,
 How Vice avoid, and Virtue's Path pursue;
 Then, by exalted Contemplation, rise
 To just Ideas of the glorious Prize;
 Thee, Source of Love, of Happiness, explore,
 Aw'd by this Truth—to *Serve* is to *Adore*.—
 When Age, or Sickness, warns our End draws nigh,
 With lively Hope the languid Heart supply.
 At *Death's* Approach, when Agonies assail,
 Cheer us, O God, all human Comforts fail—
 To longing Souls dispense the gladsome Ray,
 That leads to Realms of never-ending Day.



F I N I S